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VOLUME 20

No. 4 — Summer — 1957

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Summer 1957

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Committee:

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MASEFIELD, ON LOVE OF POETRY . . .

“Three loves I have had, of comfort”: love of the open air, and of the simple, essential lives lived in the open air, by seamen and country-workers: love of ships, as miracles of art: and a love of poetry as an instrument to bind the hearts of men. Poetry at this end of my life seems a greater thing than she did forty odd years ago, when she first drew me to her service. It seems likelier, now, than it did then, that she is working among us to a new humanity, the fruits of which, coming from wisdom, will be beautiful.’

—JOHN MASEFIELD,
in his preface to “Selected Poems”
(Macmillan, 1938).

TO MAN

I toast the everyday man. Not he,
Who, untrammelled by circumstance and work,
Swims not in the compulsive tides of life,
But disports and lolls on the silken sands,
Heedless. No! I toast the courageous one
Who wears the shackles of job servitude,
Dancing attendance on rude customers,
Caressing papers in dull offices,
Haunted by quarreling of dinning machines
In factories; who lies awake at nights;
And who sometimes visits sweet oases
Of laughter in the sands and toils of life.
And so he lives and labours and grows old,
Unnoted in the vast mist of the world.
And when his clay lies in its cot of death,
The door to space open wide, beckoning
To enter and consummate his union
With the flying infinity of life, and death,
And time, he wears the still, strange mystery
Of mountain spire that from the sky looks down,
On the feverish plain, and sits waiting,
Silently. This is the man I toast.

Arthur Stilwell

MAARIV

(Hebrew Twilight Service)

In deepening dusk when the moon is yellow
As a page from an old Bible,
Men enter the House of Prayer on quiet feet.
One lingers to touch the doorposts with kissed fingers,
His beard is bronze and abundant,
His eyes glow with clear blue flame.

From the window of an armory next door,
On officer leans listening
To the soft chanting of men
To whom prayer is meaningful.
*Blessed art Thou O lord who bringest on the evening twilight.
Cause us, O Lord our God to lie down in peace
And guard our going out and our coming in
Unto life and unto peace.*
The officer has no knowledge of Hebrew
Yet now, he is clothed in the calm of evening,
In the craving that war forever may cease.

Smiling, the worshippers file out, a group of amicable brothers,
Again, the bronze-bearded man stops to brush the doorposts
With fingers that have first met his lips.

The officer lingers at the armory window
Until the sexton closes the door,
Sealing in the prayers of the humble.
Then tall and erect, slowly he turns to greet young recruits
And instruct them in the strategy of war.

The night grows dark, dark except for an ancient moon.

Ruby Friedman

SYNTHETIC YOU

You would be the first in the queue,
with wonder at the world's array:
curious, innocent and new,
not far following the clay.

You would be earliest of them all:
the prime artist, the prime artisan,
a ferreter of fact, the flame in the snowball;
in the mind and the flesh amphibian.

But you are tardy; they have gone before,
and what is past you cannot forestall.
The music that you make resounds at its core
with the dead medley of the decades' call,

and the lines that you limn with brush or pen
are faded, however you would restore
invention to the regimen.

You are the child of your fathers. Anterior

voices and faces and words form you,
facsimile close in your chrysalis.
Having no feature that had no preview,
even your sins are a synthesis.

Peter Miller

LANDSCAPE IN JANUARY

is not this a singular forenoon
that in the garden and on the hill
the pigeons' apartments should bleach in the sun

their tiles blown away by the season's toll
all in the garden and on the hill
you would think the raven to be a gull

is this afternoon not wonderful
that on the garden and on the hill
clouds have settled of cotton-wool

sterilised soft and full
all on the garden and on the hill
uncurled so freshly from the spool

and this evening is it not beautiful
that on the garden and on the hill
feathering downward there should fall

pages of lyrics shredded fine
all on the garden and on the hill
wisps of epics and of odes a sheen
.
to ornament the naked sill
clear in the garden pure on the hill
this day was drawn with a swan's quill

Peter Miller

AS TIME TRICKLES THIN

The trees' flaming candles are lit along
Hillsides in Autumn's annual feast
(Though blood of the year sings a slower song
As time trickles thin for man and for beast).
Redder than rose the thick-clustered berries
Nestle against the dogwood bough;
Purple are tiny buckbush cherries,
And goldenrod rivals sunlight now.

The new-whittled moon is an orange sliver,
Fast sinking away — soon its full Harvest light
Shall reach flood crest like an unruly river,
And deluge the celebrants caught in the night . . .
October, our hostess, with frost-tindered hand,
Sets tapers blazing down Earth's tableland.

Mary Word Elliott

PERSPECTIVE

How little matter these individual fires!
They burned so brightly yet they never caught
The surrounding forest. The pigmy wars were fought
All unobserved in black, personal ires.
Your scorn that tried to crush my deep desires
Is nothing now. Even the scalding tears
Are lost under the thick strata of years;
Are tepid now. And all of life conspires
To make of mountains molehills. How appraise
The tempests of the past on one small soul,
The part so quickly swallowed by the whole
And made a zero by eclipsing days?

Yet will I not deny Love's violent blows —
The scars bear witness and the blood still flows.

M. E. Drew

IN THE EGYPTIAN GALLERY

(The Royal Ontario Museum)

I who once was An-tjau
Travestied lie here exposed
In this cunningly conditioned tomb
Perpetuating Egypt's drought
Lest mould and rust should bring to naught
The embalmer's art, the curator's skill.

The Ka that dwelt with me in the gloom
Of the rock-cut tomb fled long ago.
I am now a curiosity
Who lovingly prepared for death
To dwell with love for eternity.

May truth be told by necromancy
When none would listen to the unvoiced breath
At the open mouth but only see
Hardened lips and protruding teeth?
The hollow eyes, the hollowed skull,
The arms in pubic attitude
Ridging the stained brown linen bands
Are attributes of mortality.
Men gaze uncomprehendingly
At the resurrection of the body.

Neither Isis nor Osiris
Can here protect their ancient dead
Against the curious riddled with the virus
Of unbelief. Not heaven, not hell,
Not death itself has any reality
For these whose immortality
Has been forfeited for daily bread.

What heaven could ever be devised
To keep them fed, amused, surprized!
What rational hell could be invented
To teach a lesson to the self-demented!
What death could gladden or horrify
These who believe they will not die!

Fred Swayze

TWO POEMS

Men move alone, silenced within
A strange sleep,
When laughter is touched by death
And no human voice echoes back
From the deep .

They move with a rivulet
In time's shade
Where the fast-flowing river
And the shambling social stream
Meet unafraid.

I, too, move inescapably on
To eternity ;
My heart, lips, hands, flow down with men,
But the passion of my soul is met
In a vast sea.

Patricia M. Wide

Still centre of life,
The wheel of time runs round,
Past, present, future,
Folded into one.

Sick at heart you were
And sorry because you could not
Trace the circle of the past
Until your time came round again.

But today you are not
What you were yesterday,
For then you ran with time
But time passed by.

Patricia M. Wide

SPRING ON THE FARM

The mixed emotions which I hold this spring
Grow from the farm's offense
Of tracking muddy footprints where the inward eye
Supposes dreams but finds that commonsense

Will be more use to me out in the slush,
The wet March cold,
Where I hang my breathy wreaths of flowering sweat,
Trying to get the mare inside before her colt is foaled.

I know the sap is running, the maple trunks
Shine black as mud
Where I am spreading straw to give her footing
And get her to the barn, like all flesh and blood

I'm a fool in some ways, but I know that spring
Comes down to this:
For me, O Lord, the chores, always the chores of birth,
Calves, pigs and colts with the kittens on their own
And the chickens in my lap, as frost heaves from earth
And skies drip down, and patience and pain are sisters .
I gawk in relief at a rippling wedge of geese —
The farm isn't always like this, but today it is.

James Hearst

YOU ARE NOT GONE

You are not gone, the centre that is you
Closes in warmth about my heart, shaping
Flesh to the lines of sleep, mind to
The realms of gentleness secure and deep,
The quiet they keep.

The familiar heaven waits beneath the pattern
Of book, of envelope alive with your
Blue wind of writing, your reflection's turn
Screening softness with strength beneath the score
Of all it answers for.

Sinking into sleep I know not distance widening
But that I go with you: in the brain's lobe, the day
Green different from the emotion blossoming
Beneath my hand; that you are here to say
Goodnights in comfort that my limbs portray.

J. Phoenixe

COACH TEAM AT GRASS

You were like summer penned in a nursery
Of the grey months, beside the Thames,
Gay and strong as the days that fly
In a strong sun the flowers of their flames.

Your play, like singing, ran by the river,
Solstice and zenith, rearing you wheeled
In rose-laden gambols; paused to stare
And, chestnut auroras, raced round the field.

The sap died back from the branches, pulsing
In the redoubt of your blood, thrust
Green power in your limbs to swing
The leaves of speed through the light's dust.

We stood and watched from your world's edge
The full-blooded days, forceful and fleet.
Sad water and birdless hedge
Were the four walls of summer's retreat.

J. Phoenixe

INSCAPE

Slate-sorrow sea,
stone sorrow,
grey grief gull-wing
slow acute relinquishment
down-curve to sea rim,
air sullen under weight
of toneless weather —
and far out
the iron hoop binds round.

Constance Hunting

Seventeen

FLORIDA HOUR

Picture it bright as a new-struck coin,
glittering sun, water sound,
wind song, sea wash, reds pinks
yellows, bougainvillea purple,
feathered flurry of gulls
pouncing on the crumbs.
Most of all, you brown-fleshed
shining one, hair sunny fair as the hour,
and the words words darting
between us brittle bright.

Picture it, lay it carefully
between the closed leaves
of night and morning,
flatten and smooth to preserve
with the fervid intensity of now,
even so tomorrow, like a pressed flower,
it will crumble at the touch.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams

OLD COUPLE

These stumble, not ungently, through the country of forgetting.
Hand in hand was their coming — almost, not quite.
Now, parted by the years, through no sunrise or setting
They creep mole-eyed, confused, in the dim half light.

This finds no answer after the long together,
The backward sweep of time, the years replete
With common venture, the not unpleasant tether
Of wont that circumscribed the wandering feet.

Yet even in this lost country a minute happens,
Tagged with some frayed dream or ancient pledge,
Holding a desperate flicker of memory in it.
When they meet once more, these two, by some sweet pool's
edge.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams

THE GEISHA ISLANDS

I have loved islands gemmed like geisha girls
With Shower-of-Gold, and lithe in green bamboo;
Whose voices were the foamburst and the wind,
Egret and cockatoo.

But geisha islands are for holidays.
The mainland is my home,
And I am faithful to a wife-staunch hill,
A plain's quiet monochrome,

Until a sea-gull strays above my head,
Struggling toward the ocean and the south,
And then I whisper, "Find for me an island,
And kiss her painted mouth!"

Thomas Burnett Swann

TO A WHITE COLLAR MAN
DYING YOUNG

Existing only
in idle conversation,
Andrew Smathers, straphanger
to the manner born,
burns briefly in the mind
and then goes out
upon the town. He holds
his briefcase as a shield.

At five his form dissembles
in the city streets;
imbedded in the asphalt we find
his narrow bones: *genus ulcerus*.

Though long dead Smathers
goes to work each morning
on the tram.
A townsman of the shrillest town;
yet, only in faint dreams
do they call his name.

L. W. Michaelson

I SHALL NOT WHEN I DIE

I shall not when I die
Quake for hell-fire
Nor dream with desire
Of a celestial sky,

But rather grieve with pain —
Still thinking on
The things I have done
And will not do again.

Fred Cogswell

NIGHT
(Three Versions)

The Poet and His Love:

Come, let us walk through rooms of ebony
On silver carpets laid down by the moon,
And drugged by haunting melodies of wind,
Dance in the evening's castle of delight
Under a glittering chandelier
Of stars.

The Philosopher:

Without these shadows we could never know
The rich intensity of earthly light;
And if we lose the sun, we gain the stars.
For contrast serves to make perspective true,
And every darkness had its counterpart,
Even the evil in the hearts
Of men.

The Musician:

Now in the stillness I can almost hear
Faint star-song drifting far away in space,
Arpeggios of cool ripples on the lake,
And moon-gold spilled in lullabies of light . . .
No mortal music floods the heart like this,
For silence is the loveliest sound
Of all.

Margaret Haley Carpenter

NO ROBBERY

Somewhere between October and the snows it was,
he took a freedom from the air, and realised
he was his own life's dearest friend,
and paused for good from prayer
as would some last and out-of-season harvester
let swoon upon a rigid earth
his ending stood
and gratefully go home.

And then took out a time for wonder at his lifelessness,
and skimmed his amen and old amber beads: in fine,
resumed himself, selected him a walking-robe,
a wife, exchanging for a house that cell,
compelled no longer by such faiths
as he set by
for ripples of an orchestra or dress;
precisely which he was unsure.

Yet, entertained, could nudge his girl
in confidence and use the dark.
Inside a year, he knew her subtleties,
to her loomed wise,
and whistling would tramp the hedges
with a missel-thrush for guide.
And to this day, with choirs in the head,
grotes harder for his life as it recedes.

Paul West

THE FINITE SUM ADDS UP

It is so easy for a heart to break
Without a signal to the passers-by,
For silence clothes more sorrows than a sigh,
And pride denies a thirst it cannot slake.

The fragile things, like joys one did not take,
Remembered raptures when the tongue was dry
Beyond all speech, brief moments none can buy,
Though prized, may yet bring sadness in their wake.

But let no man be daunted by the fear
Of stalking sorrow in the years to come,
Recalling prophet's dictum long ago
Concerning paradise and swords, nor peer
Too long at shadows, for the finite sum
Adds up to this: Each joy is worth its woe.

Robert Arrett

ACROSS THE BRIDGES

The smell of baking bread
Blown across the bridges of the town,
Prods memories of small loaves
Set close to warmth,
Rising to full growth
In three fold plaits;
Heart of wheat, blended with yeast
Span the years to touch my yearning.

Jean Stanley

MORNING

A robin egg morning
Shatters on the painted air,
Filling the smiling world with wings
To flutter about your face.
From my breath stained window
I watch a dove choosing grain
From your extended hand.
The animal cluttered yard catapults
Cow sounds against my heart
As swollen udders splash the earth.
Your laughter tinkles in the pail
To unanswerable questions
Racing the tolling school bell.
Now all is still
In the snow laden morning,
Your hands quietly folded.

Jean Stanley

THUS I HAVE BREATHED

I've stumbled down this ancient cobbled street
And eaten curd and breathed the gutter dust;
To hear the painted clowns of life repeat
Their robust promise with its lawful lust;
And I have lain beneath an oak alone
And watched the leaves return to daub its shade,
Where winter's grotesque shadows had seemed bone —
A skeleton of hope that crept afraid;
And I have watched young children running as
The spring-born lambs careen across a hill,
Not listening to the mother-bleat. They have
The spirit of the future — strength and will:
Thus I have breathed—when sweet the night-air came—
A breath of beauty and a breath of shame.

Cullen Jones

ON MODIGLIANI'S SEATED NUDE

Modigliani understood
The amplitude of womanhood.
He drew her face serenely poised
And rising on a slender stalk,
Her tilted Virgin Mother head
Limned in its auburn aureole.
He knew her rosy, naked flesh
Yields pliantly with rich return
An ardent blossoming of breasts,
A swell of hips and massive thighs.
The lily and the rose
Root firmly in the fecund earth;
Her Cupid mouth and Psyche eyes
Renew their immortality
As feathered wisps of cloud return
To deepest ocean founts.

Robert J. Lowenherz

A SIMPLE SONG AND A FABLE

Farewell is the song of sadness that will be
For those who called the dying out of Time
And danced a double step in rhyme.
They are with the grey
Where the veil is closed beyond the last of years
Whose fears were prophecy.
They are not proud for dolmens:
Make them no monuments nor weep
Who mime new measures in a sleep.
They lived like kings carousing with a word
And carved their souls at table,
Leaving the most the living can
— A simple song and a fable.

Ralph I. Walber

YOUR GRAVE'S NOT GREEN

To A.L.N.

Even in memory your grave's not green.
Four seasons token the same toll of years
Beyond your knowing, and your roof-top bears
The shifting climates there have always been.
Diverging hours of the swerving scene
Achieve no variation that appears
Upon your coverlid, and only tears
Have prised light into a rainbow sheen.
White wreath, white snow, white moonlight
on white sand
Project in retrospect, as if this spot
Of earth stopped turning world-wise when you died
And some outlandish dispensation banned
All mutability within this plot.
Where sand, wind, tree and time seem petrified.

Mrs. J. D. Bankier

THANK YOU, Mr. PEPYS!

Oh, Samuel Pepys, I wish you knew
How many times I've read you through!
Your candid statement of a case
May lack the literary grace,
But when your daily record said
You snuff the wick, "and so to bed,"
One feels your sense of satisfaction
In winding up a day of action.

So, when I'm worried or distraught
And well laid plans have come to naught,
I read your hopes, your joy and sorrow,
Your faithful trust in a to-morrow.
I think no more on days ahead,
Switch off the light, "and so to bed."

Katherine van der Veer

THOSE WHO LOOK BACKWARD

How can it be I am no longer young,
I for whom time was too deep to run dry!
The sands have shifted, counting me among
Those who look backward with a silent cry.
Was that hour love, and were those moments grief?
What happened to the laughter, quickly spent,
And half-forgotten? Oh, it was too brief,
Too fugitive for any measurement.
I who looked forward with impatient youth
Had no concern with watching time unfold,
Except perhaps to recognize one truth —
Those who looked backward had at last grown old.
But no one told me of the compensation
Within the timeless calm of resignation.

Donna Dickey Guyer

L'AVENIR

Let us seek freedom to live above
the torment of echoes, above regret,
living purely.

Let us see the movement of silver water,
as well as the depths of love,
as well as the veil of ecstasy.

And walk hand in hand, as children,
through the sunlit green woods
of time and love.

And from fugitive dawns welcome
irradiant light, the morning vision,
the perfection which is exquisite.

Ann Whiting

WILLIAM AND CATHERINE BLAKE

What he saw she could not see,
The vision coming in the night,
Taking possession of his mind:
"Piper, sit thee down and write."

Not for her the burning bush,
Candles flaring in the mist
Turning labyrinthine gloom
To opal, emerald, amethyst.

Catherine listened and believed,
Shared his joy and understood;
Learning the pattern of his way,
Assured that he was wise and good.

Katherine van der Veer

WE REMEMBER THEM

They do not need our tears who swiftly went,
In the twirl of a sun by day or a moon by night
Tasted beginning to end, and fully spent
Their young prerogative, their passion's right.
Not in a trickling ebb of time, by slow
Waste, but with a splendid flash of wings
Against the final barrier did they go,
In one short hour encompassing all things.

Rather let tears be shed for our own need,
Our Holy Grail unfound, our life in death.
Weep for ourselves who inch on inch must bleed,
Buffeted by the years, the aging breath.
Let there be joy, not tears, for those who won
Such proud finality beyond the sun.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams

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